

A  
Most pleasant  
Comedy of *Mucedorus*  
the Kings Son of *Valentia*,  
and *Amadine* the Kings  
Daughter of *Aragon*.

With the merry conceits of *Moufe*.

Amplified with new Additions,  
as it was acted before the Kings Ma-  
jesty at Whitehall, on Shrove-  
sunday night.

By his Highnesss servants usually  
playing at the *Globe*.

---

*Very delectable and full of conceited mirth.*

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L O N D O N,

Printed for *Francis Coles*, and are to be sold  
at his Shop, at the half Bowl in the  
Old Bayly.

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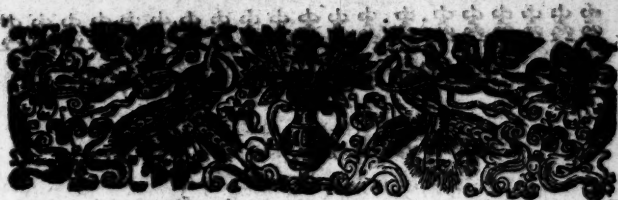
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## The Prologue.

**M**ost Sacred Majesty, whose great deserts,  
Thy subject England; nay, the world admires:  
Which heav'n grant still increase: O may your praise,  
Multiplying with your hours, your fame still raise.  
Embrace your Councel: Love, with Faith them guide,  
That both as one bench by the others side,  
So may your life pass on, and run so even,  
That your firm zeal plant you a Throne in Heaven:  
Where smiling Angels shall your guardians be,  
From blemish'd Traitors, stain'd with perjurie,  
And as the Night's inferior to the Day,  
So be all earthly Regions to your sway.  
Be as the Sun to Day, the Day to Night,  
For from your beams Europe shall borrow light:  
Mirth drow your bosome, fair Delight your mind,  
And may our pastime your contentment finde.

Exit.

A 2

Ten



Ten Persons may easily play it.

The King and Romeo,

for one.

King Valentia,

for one.

Mucedorus the Prince of

Valentia,

for one.

Amfelm,

for one.

Amadine the Kings Daughter

of Aragon,

for one.

Begaston a Nobleman,

for one.

Envy

Tremelio a Captain,

for one.

Bremd, a wild man,

Comedy, a Boy, an old Woman,

for one.

William Counsellor, a Messenger,

for one.

Exit.

Mouse the Clown,

for one.

Ten

A

A





A most pleasant Comedy of  
Mucedorus the Kings Son of Valentia,  
and Amadine the Kings Daughter  
of Aragon.

Enter Comedy joyfully, with a Garland of Bayes on her head.

**W**hy so thin do I hope to please;  
Musick revives, and mirth is tolerable:  
Comedy play thy part and please  
Make merry them that come to joy with thee:  
Joy then Good Gentiles, I hope to make you  
Sound forth Bellones silver tuned strings:  
Time fits us well, the day and place is ours.

Enter Envy, his arms naked, besmeared with blood.

Envy. Nay stay minion, stay, there lies a block;  
What all on mirth? He interrupte your talk:  
And mix your musick with a Tragick end.

Comedy. What monstrous ugly hag is this  
That dares controule the pleasures of our will?  
Vaunt churlish Cut, besmeard with gorey blood  
That seem't to check the blossom of Delight,  
And still the sound of sweet Bellona's breath:  
Blush monster, blush, and post away with shame,  
That seekst disturbance of a Goddess name.

Envy. Post hence thy self, thou counterchecking Troll,  
I will possess this babies plight of thee,  
And gain the glory of this wished Port:  
He thunder musick shall appeale the Nymphs,  
And make them shiver their clattering strings,  
Flying for succour to their Danish Cayer.

Sound Drums, mirth, and cry, Stand, Stand,  
Hearken, thou shalt hear noise  
Shall fill the air with thrilling sound.

## The Comedy of Mucedorus.

And thunder musick to the Gods above :

A poseth crown upon brave *Envy's* head,  
And raise his chival with a lasting fame :

In this brave musick *Envy* takes delight,  
Where I may see them wallow in their blood,

To spurn at Arms and Legs quite shivered off,  
And hear the cries of many thousands slain :

How lik'st thou this my Traill ? 'tis sport alone for me.

*Com.* Vaunt bloody Cur, nurst up with Tygers sap,  
That so dost quail a womans mind :

*Comedy* is mild, gentle, willing for to please,

And seeks to gain the love of all estates,

Delighting in mirth, mixt all with lovely tales,

And bringeth things with treble joy to pass.

Thou bloody, envious, disdainee of mens joys,

Whose name is fraught with bloody stratagems,

Delights in nothing but in spoil and death,

Where thou mayst trample in their lukewarm blood,

And grasp their hearts within thy cursed pawes :

Yet vail thy mind, revenge thee not on me,

A silly woman begs in at thy hands :

Give me the leave to utter out my Play,

Forbear this place, I humbly crave thee hence,

And mix not death amongst pleasing Comedies,

That treats nought else but pleasure and delight :

If any spark of humane rests in thee,

Forbear, be gone, tender the suit of me :

*Envy.* Why so I will ; forbearance shall be such,

As treble death shall cross thee with despite,

And make thee mourn where most thou joyest,

Turning thy mirth into a deadly dole,

Whirling thy pleasures with a peal of death,

And drench thy methods in a sea of blood,

Thus will I do : Thus shall I bear with thee,

And more, to vex thee with a deeper spite,

I will with threats of blood begin the play,

Favouring thee with *Envy* and with Hate.

# The Comedy of Mucedorus

*Com.* Then ugly monster do thy worst, I will defend them in despite of thee, Prince, And though thou think'st with Tragick strokes To prove my Play unto my great disgrace, I force it not, I scorn what thou wilt do, Ile grace it so, thy self shall honour this, From Tragick stuff, to be a pleasant Comedie.

*Envy.* Why thou Comedie, send the Actors forth, And I will cross the first step of their Trade, Making them fear the very dart of death.

*Com.* And Ile defend them in despite of death, So ugly fiend I say till death shall serve, That we may meet to parley for the best.

*Envy.* Content Comedie, Ile go spread my beards, And scattered blossoms from mine eyes, That shall prove two Monsters spoiling of their joy.

*Enter, Mucedorus, and his father the Duke.*

*Muc. Anselmo?* *Ansel.* My Lord and friend;

Whose dear affections bosome with my heart, And keep their domination in one Orb; Whence near disloyalty shall root it forth, But faith plant firm in your choise respect.

*Muc.* Much blame were mine if I should other deem, Nor can coy fortune contrary allow;

But my *Anselmo*, loth I am to say I must, lest I might misconsture nor, 'tis from the Realm, not thee.

Though Lands part bodies, Hearts keep company; Thou know'st, that I imparted often have

Private rations with my Royall Syre Had, as concerning beauties, *Anselmo*, Rich *Argens* bright Jewell: whose face (some say)

That blooming Lillie never should so gayly Excelling not excel'd, yet left report

Does mangle *Verity*, boasting of what is made Wing'd with Desire, thither Ile straight repair,

And be my fortunes at my thoughts are, *Anselmo*, I will you forsake *Valentia* leave the Court.

*Ansel.* Will you forsake *Valentia* leave the Court? *Absent*

# The Comedy of Mucedorus

Absent you from the eye of Sovereignty,  
Do not sweet Prince, adventure on that task,  
Since danger lurks each where, he won from it.

*Muce.* Desist dissuasion, I will prove my strength  
My Resolution brooks no hindrance,  
Therefore if thou retain thy wonted loyalty,  
Assist what I intend.

*Ansel.* Your wish will breed a blemish in the Country,  
And throw a frosty dew upon that heart,  
Whose front *Valentia* should be so very bright.

*Muce.* If showing with a tender cheek and hand  
Let Loves strong Magick charm thy will, I shall  
Walk as vainly as to grasp the Sun, or  
Augment not what more suffers, still thy lip  
Unless thy wisdom serve me with dissent,  
According to my purpose.

*Ansel.* That action craves no counsel,  
Since what you highly see, will more command,  
Thou shalt be happy.

*Muce.* Thou still art opposite in disposition,  
A more obscure servile habit more  
Beleams this enterprise.

*Ansel.* Then like a Shepherd to his flock,  
*Muce.* His much concealsions, I dislike thy judgement,  
My mind is grafted on an humble stock.

*Ansel.* Within my closet does there hang a Cassock,  
Though base the word is, 'twas a Shepherd's,  
Which I presented in Lord *Julius* Mask.

*Muce.* That my *Anselmo* and none else but that,  
Mask *Mucedorus* from the vulgar view,  
That habite suits my mind, set off me that weed.

*Ansel.* Better then Kings have not disdain'd that state,  
And much inferior, to obtain their mate.

*Enter Anselmo with a Shepherd's coat.*  
So, let our respect command thy secrecy,  
At once a brief farewell, and my thanks,  
Delay to Love is a second Hell.

*Exit Mucedorus.*  
*Ansel.*

## The Comedy of Mucedorus.

*Ansel.* Prosperitie fore-run thee: Auckward chance,  
Never be neighbour to thy wretched venture,  
Content and Fame advance thee. Ever thrive,  
And glory thy mortality survive.

*Enter Mause, with a bottle of hay.*

*Mause.* O horrible terrible I Was ever poor Gentleman so  
scar'd out of his seven senses? A Bear? Nay sure it cannot be  
a Bear, but some Devil in a Beasts doublet: for a Bear could  
never have had that agility to have frightened me. Well, Ile see  
my father hang'd before Ile serve his Horse any more: Well,  
Ile carry home my bottle of hay, and for once make my fa-  
thers Horse turn Puritan, and observe Fasting days, for he gets  
not a bit. But soft, this way she followed me, therefore Ile  
take the other path, and because Ile be sure to have an eye to  
her, I will shake hands with some foolish Creditor, and make  
every step backward.

*As he goes backward, the Bear comes in, and he tumbles over  
her, and runs away, and leaves his bottle of hay behind him.*

*Enter Segasto running, and Amaline after him, being  
Pursued with a Bear.*

*Seg.* O lie Madam, lie, or else we are but dead.

*Ama.* Help Segasto, help, help sweet Segasto, or else I die.

*Segastoruns away.*

*Segast.* Alas Madam there is no way but flight.

Then haste and save your self.

*Ama.* Why then I dye. Ah help me in distress.

*Enter Mucedorus like a Shepherd, with a sword drawn,  
and a Bears head in his hand.*

*Muce.* Stay Lady, stay, and be no more dismayd,  
That cruel beast most merciless and fell,  
Affrighted many with his hard pursues,  
Prying from place to place to find his prey,  
Prolonging thus his life by others death:  
His carcass now lies headless void of breath.

*Ama.* That foul deformed Monster, is he dead?

*Muce.* Assure your self thereof, behold his head.

## The Comedy of Mucedoras

Which if it please you Lady to accept,  
With willing heart I yield it to your Majestie.

*Am.* Thanks worthy Shepherd, thanks a thousand times.  
This gift assure thy self contents me more,  
Than greatest bounty of a mighty Prince,  
Although he were the Monarch of the world.

*Muc.* Most gracious Goddess, more than mortall wight,  
Your heavenly hue of right imports no less  
Most glad am I, in that it was my chance  
To undertake this enterprise in hand,  
Which doth so greatly glad our princely mind.

*Am.* No Goddess (Shepherd) but a mortall wight,  
A mortall wight distressed as thou seest;  
My father here is King of *Aragon*,  
I *Amadine* his only daughter am,

And after him sole heir unto the Crown:  
Now whereas it is my fathers will,  
To marrie me unto *Segasso*,

One whose wealth through Fathers former usury,  
Is known to be no less then wonderfull;  
We both of custome oftentimes did use

(Leaving the Court) to walk within the fields  
For recreation, especially the Spring,

In that it yields great store of rare delights:

And passing further then our wonted walks,  
Scarce entered within these luckless woods,

But right before us down a steep fall hill,  
A monstrous ugly Bear did hie him fast

To meet us both: I faint to tell the rest,  
Good Shepherd but suppose the gashly looks,

The hideous fears, the hundred thousand woes  
Which at this instant *Amadine* sustain'd.

*Muc.* Yet worthy Princes let thy sorrow cease,  
And let this sight your former joys revive.

*Am.* Believe me Shepherd, so it doth no less.

*Muc.* Long may they last unto your hearts content.

But tell me Lady, what is become of him?

*Segasso* call'd; what is become of him?

*Am.*



# The Comedy of Mucedorus

*Ama.* I know not I, that know the powers divine,  
But God grant this, that sweet *Saga* oblige me to my grief.

*Muce.* Yet hard beated he in such a case,  
So cowardly to save him by flight, against his will,  
And leave so brave a Prince to the spoil.

*Ama.* Well Shepherd, for thy worthy valour cried,  
Endangering thy self to set me free,  
Unrecompenced sure thou shalt not be:  
In Court thy courage shall be plainly known,  
Throughout the Kingdom will I spread thy name,  
To thy renown and never dying fame;  
And that thy courage may be better known,  
Bear thou the head of this most monstrous beast,  
In open sight to every Courtiers view;  
So will the King my father thee reward.  
Come let's away, and guard me to the Court.

*Muce.* With all my heart.

*Enter Saga solo.*

*Saga.* When heaps of harms do hover over head,  
Tis time as then (some say) to look about,  
And of ensuing harms to chuse the least;  
But hard, yea hapless is that wretches chance,  
Luckless his lot, and caitiff-like accurst,  
At whose proceedings Fortune ever frowns:  
My self I mean most subject unto thrall:  
For I, the more I seek to shun the worst,  
The more by proof I finde my self accurst.  
Egg-whiles assaulted with an ugly Bear,  
Fair *Amadine* in company all alone,  
Forthwith by flight I thought to save my self,  
Leaving my *Amadine* unto her shift;  
For death it was for to resist the Bear,  
And death no less of *Amadine* harms to hear.  
Accursed I, in lingring life thus long  
In living thus, each minute of an hour  
Doth pierce my heart with darts of thousand deaths:  
If she by flight her fury doth escape,  
What will she think?

# The Comedy of A Siccardone

Will she not fly, you shall to my face, I know I can  
 Accusing me of mean dissimulation  
 A trusty friend is tried in time of need  
 But I, when she in danger was of death  
 And needed me, and cried, *Segast* a help  
 I turn'd my back and quickly ran away  
 Unworthy I to bear this vial breath  
 But what, what need these plumes  
 If *Amadine* do live, then happy I shall be  
 She will in time forgive and so forget  
*Amadine* is merciful, not *Lave* like  
 In harmful hearts to harbour hatred long

*Enter Monsieur Glouvenant, carrying a bundle of clubs, prongs, pitchforks, &c.*

*Mon. Clubs, Prongs, Pitchforks, &c.* *Segast*  
 A Bear, a Bear, a Bear  
*Seg.* Still Bears, and nothing but Bears  
 Tell me sirrah, where she is.

*Clow.* O sir, she is run down the woods,  
 I saw her white head, and her white belly.

*Segast.* Thou talkest of wanders, to tell me of white Bears  
 But sirrah, didst thou ever see any such?

*Clow.* No faith, I never saw any such;  
 But I remember my father's words,  
 He bad me take heed I waanot caught with the white Bear.

*Segast.* A lamentable tale no doubt.

*Clow.* He tell you what sir, as I was going's field to serve my  
 fathers great Horse, and carried a bottle of hay upon my  
 head: Now do you see sir, I fast had a mind that I should see  
 nothing, I perceiving the Bear coming, I throw my hay into  
 the hedge, and ran away.

*Segast.* What from nothing?

*Clow.* I warrant you yes, I saw something for there was two  
 load of thorns besides my bottle of hay, and that made three.

*Segast.* But tell me sirrah: the Bear that thou didst see,  
 Did she not bear a bucket on her back?

*Clow.* Ha, ha, ha, I never saw a Bear go a milking in all my  
 life. But hark you sir, I did not look so high as her arm,  
 I saw nothing but her white head, and her white belly.

*Segast.*

# The Comedy of Mucedorus.

*Segast.* But tell me firrah: where dost thou dwell?

*Clow.* Why do you not know me?

*Segast.* Why no, how should I know thee?

*Clow.* Why then you know nobody, and you know not me; Prill you sit, I am Goodman Rats Son of the next parish over the hill.

*Segast.* Goodman Rats son, what's thy name?

*Clow.* Why I am very neer kin unto him.

*Segast.* I think so, but what's thy name?

*Clow.* My name? I have a very pretty name. He tells you what my name is, my name is *Moose*.

*Segast.* What plain's that?

*Clow.* I plain *Moose*, without either well or guard. But do you hear fir, I am a very young *Moose*, for my tail is scarce grown one year; look here often.

*Segast.* But I pray you who gave you that name?

*Clow.* Faith Sir, I know not that; but if you would I might know, ask my fathers great House, for he hath been half a year longer with my father than I have been.

*Segast.* This seems to be a merry fellow.

I care not if I take him home with me.

Mirth is a comfort to a troubled mind.

A merry man a merry Master.

How saist thou firrah, wilt thou dwell with me?

*Clow.* Nay soft fir, ere words be a bargain. Pray what Occupation are you?

*Segast.* No Occupation; I live upon my lands.

*Clow.* Your lands? away, you are no Master for me. Why, do you think that I am so mad to go to seek my living in the lands among the stones, briers, and bushes, and rear my holy day apparel? not I by your leave.

*Segast.* Why, I do not mean thou shalt.

*Clow.* How then?

*Segast.* Why thou shalt be my man and wait on me at Court.

*Clow.* What's that?

*Segast.* A man at court.

*Clow.* As I am: Hark you Sir, pray you what kin is he to Goodman King of our parish the Church warden.

*The Comedy of Macedonius*

*Segast.* No kinder him, he is the King of the whole Land.

*Clew.* King of the whole Land? I never saw him.

*Seg.* If thou wilt dwell with me, thou shalt see him every day.

*Clew.* Shall I go home again to be torn in pieces with Bears?  
No, not I. I will go home and put on a clean shirt, and then  
go drown my self.

*Seg.* Thou shalt not need, if thou wilt dwell with me, thou  
shalt want nothing.

*Clew.* Shall I not? then heres my hand, Ile dwell with you :  
And hark you sir, now you have entertained me, Ile tell you  
what I can do, I can keep my tongue from picking and steal-  
ing, and my hands from lying and flandering, I warrant you as  
well as eyes you had any man in your life.

*Segast.* Now will I te Goun with sorrowful heart, rounded  
with doubts : If *Amadine* do live, then happy I : yes happy I  
if *Amadine* do live.

*Enter the King with a young prisoner, and a man in Trunkie,*  
not ready to part with *Collie* and *Consellers*.

*King.* Now brave Lords, our wars are brought to end,  
Our foes the foil, and wd in safetie rest :  
It us behoves to use such clemency in peace.

As valour in the wars, Is but a comfort to a soldier  
Tis as great honour to be banishful at home  
As conquerors in the field.

Therefore, my Lords, the more to my content,  
Your liking, and our Countries safeguard,  
We are dispos'd in Marriage for to give

Our Daughter unto Lord *Segast* here,  
Who shall succeed the Diadem after me,  
And reign hereafter as *Lansore* have done.

Your sole and lawful King of *Aragon*.  
What say you Lordlings, like you of my advice?  
If it please your Majesties, we do not only allow of your  
Higness pleasures, but also your faithfullie in what we may, co  
further it.

*King.* Thanks good my Lords, if long *Adrastus* live,  
He will at full requite your courtesies.

*Tremelio*, in recompence of my late valor done,  
Take

# The Comedy of Mucedorus

Take unto thee the *Catalonian* Prince,  
Lately our prisoner taken in the wars;  
Be thou his keeper, his ransom shall be thine;  
Wee'll think of it when leisure shall afford;  
Mean while do use him well; his father is a King.

*Tre.* Thanks to your Majesty, his usage shall be such,  
As he thereat shall have no cause to grutch.

*King.* Then march we on to Court, and rest our wearied  
But *Collin*, I have a tale in secret fit for thee,  
When thou shalt hear a watch-word from thy King,  
Think then some weighty matter is at hand,  
That highly shall concern our State;  
Then *Collin* look thou be not far from me,  
And for thy service thou'rt to sure hath done;  
Thy truth and valour providing every point,  
I shall with boundless cheer enlarge thee for.

So guard us to the Court, and gaind  
*Col.* What to my Sovereign doth command me do,  
With willing mind I gladly yeeld consent.

*Enter Segastus, and the Clown, with weapons about his shoulders*

*Seg.* Tell me firrah, how do you like your weapons?

*Clow.* O very well, very well, they keep my sides warm.

*Seg.* They keep the dogs from your thins well, do they not?

*Clow.* How, keep the dogs from my thins? I would scorn but  
my thins should keep the dogs from them.

*Segast.* Well Sirrah, leaving idle talk, tell me,  
Dost thou know Captain *Trim* in the chamber?

*Clow.* I very well, it hath a door.

*Segast.* I think so; for so hath every chamber.

But dost thou know the man?

*Clow.* I forsooth, he hath a nose on his face.

*Seg.* Why so hath every one. *Clow.* That's more then I know.

*Seg.* But dost thou remember the Captain that was here  
with the King that brought the young Prince prisoner?

*Clow.* O very well.

*Segast.* Go to him, and bid him come unto me;  
Tell him I have a matter in secret to impart to him.

*Clow.* I will, Master, what's his name?  
*Segast.*

# The Comedy of Mucedorus

*Segast.* Why Captain *Tremelio*?

*Clow.* O, the meal-man; I know him very well,  
He brings meal every Saturday; But hark you Master,  
Must I bid him come to you, or must you come to him?

*Segast.* No sirrah, he must come to me.

*Clow.* Hark you Master, if he be not at home,  
What shall I do then?

*Segast.* Why then leave word with some of his folks.

*Clow.* O Master if there be nobody within,  
I will leave word with his dog.

*Segast.* Why can his dog speak?

*Clow.* I cannot tell, wherefore doth he keep his chamber?

*Segast.* To keep out such knaves as thou art.

*Clow.* Nay by Lady, then go your self.

*Segast.* You will go sir, will you not?

*Clow.* Yes marry will I; OGIS comes to my head,  
And he be not within, Ile bring his chamber to you.

*Segast.* What will you pluck down the King's house?

*Clow.* No by Lady, Ile know the price of it first.  
Master, it is such a hard name, I have forgotten it again.  
I pray you tell me his name.

*Segast.* Ile tell thee Captain *Tremelio*.

*Clow.* O Captain treble knave, Captain treble knave.  
*Enter Tremelio.*

*Tre.* How now sirrah, dost thou call me?

*Clow.* You must come to my Master, Captain treble knave.

*Tre.* My Lord *Segast*, did you send for me?

*Segast.* I did *Tremelio*, Sirrah, about your business.

*Clow.* I marry, whats that, can you tell?

*Segast.* No not well.

*Clow.* Marry then I can, straight to the Kitchen-dresser to *John*  
the Cook, and get me a good piece of Beef and Brewis, and  
then to the Buttery hatch to *Thomas* the Butler for a Jack of  
Beer: and there for an hour Ile so beabout my self, and there-  
fore I pray you call me not till you think I have done, I pray  
you good Master.

*Segast.* Well Sir, away.

*Tremelio.* This is it, thou knowest the valour of *Segast*.

Spread



*The Comedy of Mucedorus*

Spread through all the kingdom of *Aragon*,  
And such as have found triumph and favours,  
Never daunted at any time : but now a Shepherd,  
Admired in Court for worthiness;  
And *Segasse* honour laid aside :  
My will therefore is this, that thou dost finde some means to  
work the Shepherds death : I know thy strength sufficient to  
perform my desire, and to love no otherwise then to revenge  
my injuries.

*Tre.* It is not the frowns of a Shepherd that *Tremelio* fears:  
Therefore account it accomplish'd what I take in hand.

*Segast.* Thanks good *Tremelio*, and assure thy self,  
What I promise, that I will perform.

*Tre.* Thanks good my Lord : And in good time :  
See where he cometh ; stand by awhile,  
And you shall see me put in practise your intended drift.  
Have at thee Swain, if that I hit thee right.

*Enter Mucedorus.*

*Muce.* Vild Coward, so without cause to strike a man :  
Turn Coward, turn : now strike and do thy worst.

*Mucedorus kills him.*

*Segast.* Hold Shepherd, hold, spare him, kill him not :  
Accur'd villain, tell me, what hast thou done ?  
Ah *Tremelio*, Trusty *Tremelio*, I sorrow for thy death,  
And since that thou living didst prove faithful to *Segasse*,  
So *Segasse* now living will honour the dead  
Corps of *Tremelio* with revenge.  
Blood-thirsty villain, born and bred to merciless murder.  
Tell me, how durst thou be so bold,  
As once to lay thy hands upon the least of mine ?  
Assure thy self, thou shalt be us'd according to the Law.

*Muce.* *Segast* cease, these threats are needless.  
Accuse me not of murder, that have done nothing  
But in mine own defence.

*Segast.* Nay Shepherd, reason not with me.  
He manifest thy fact unto the King :  
Whose doom will be thy death, as thou deservest.  
What hoe : *Moue* come away.

*Enter*

# The Comedy of Mucedorus.

*Enter Mause.*

**Clow.** Why how now? what's the matter?  
I thought you would be calling before I had done.

**Segast.** Come help away with my friend.

**Clow.** Why, is he drunk? can he not stand on his feet?

**Segast.** No, he is not drunk, he is slain.

**Clow.** Slain? No by Lady, he is not slain.

**Segast.** He is kill'd I tell thee.

(no longer.)

**Clow.** What do you use to kill your friends? I will serve you.

**Segast.** I tell thee the Shepherd killed him.

**Clow.** O did he so? But Master, I will have all his apparell  
if I carry him away.

**Segast.** Why so thou shalt.

**Clow.** Come then I will help: Mase Master I think his mother  
sung looby to him, he is so heavy.

*Exeunt.*

**Muce.** Behold the fickle state of man; always mutable, never  
at one.

Sometime we feed our fancies with the sweet of our desires.

Sometimes again, we feel the heat of extream miseries.

Now am I in favour about the Court and Country,

To morrow those favours will turn to frowns.

To day I live revenged on my foe,

To morrow I die, my foe revenged on me.

*Exit.*

*Enter Bremo a wild man.*

**Bremo.** No passenger this morning? what not one?

A chance that seldom doth befall,

What, not one? Then lie thou there,

And rest thy self til I have further need;

Now **Bremo** sith thy leisure so affords,

An endless thing, who knows not **Bremoes** strength,

Who like a King commands within these woods?

The Bear, the Boar dare not abide his sight,

But haste away to save themselves by flight,

The Chrystal waters in the bubbling brooks,

When I come by do swiftly slide away,

And claps themselves in closets under banks,

Afraid to look bold **Bremo** in the face.

The aged Oaks at **Bremoes** breath do bow,

And all things else are still at my command.

*Elle*

*The Comedy of Mucedorus.*

Else what would I?

Rend them in pieces, and pluck them from the earth,  
And each way else I would revenge myself.

Why, who comes here? with whom dare I not fight?

Who fights with me and doth not die the death? Not one.

What favour shews this sturdy stick to those

That here within these woods are combatants with me?

Why, death, and nothing else but present death.

With restless rage I wander through these woods,

No creature here, but feareth *Bremos* force:

Man, woman, child, beast, and bird,

And every thing that doth approach my fight;

Are forst to fall, if *Bremos* once do frown.

Come, Cudgel come, my partner in my spoils:

For here I see this day it will not be,

But when it falls that I encounter any.

One 'pat sufficeth for to work my will.

What, comes not one? then lets be gone,

A time will serve when we shall better speed.

*Enter the King, Segast, the Shepherd, the Clown, and others.*

*King.* Shepherd, thou hast heard thine accusers;

Murder is laid to thy charge.

What canst thou say? thou hast deserved death.

*Muc.* Dread Sovereign, I must needs confess

I slew this Captain in my own defence,

Not of any malice, but by chance.

But mine accuser hath a further meaning.

*Segast.* Words will not here prevail.

I seek for justice, and justice craves his death.

*King.* Shepherd, thine own confession hath condemned thee;

Sirrah, take him away, and do him to execution straight.

*Clo.* So he shall, I warrant him.

But do you hear Master King? he is kin to a Monke,

His neck is bigger then his head.

*Seg.* Come sirrah, away with him,

And hang him about the middle.

*Clo.* Yes forsooth, I warrant you, come you sirrah:

A, so like a sheep-biter a looks.

*Enter*

# The Comedy of Mucedorus.

*Enter Amadine, and a Boy with a Bear's head.*

*Ama.* Dread Sovereign, and well beloved Sir,  
On bended knee I crave the life of this condemned Shepherd,  
which heretofore preserved the life of thy sometime distressed  
daughter.

*King.* Preserved the life of my sometime distressed daughter!  
How can that be? I never knew the time  
Wherein was thou distressed: I never knew the day  
But that I have maintained thy estate,  
As best be seem'd the daughter of a King:  
I never saw the Shepherd until now:  
How comes it then that he preserv'd thy life?

*Ama.* Once walking with *Segasto* in the woods,  
Further then our accustomed manner was,  
Right before us down a steep fall hill,  
A monstrous ugly Bear did hie him self  
To meet us both: now whether this be true,  
I refer it to the credit of *Segasto*.

*Seg.* Most true as it like your Majesty. *King.* How then?

*Ama.* The Bear being eager to obtain his prey,  
Made forward to us with an open mouth,  
As if he meant to swallow us both at once:  
The sight whereof did make us both to dread;  
But specially your daughter *Amadine*,  
Who, for I saw no succour incident,  
But in *Segasto's* valour, I grew desperate:  
And he most coward-like began to fly:  
Left me distressed to be devour'd of him,  
How say you *Segasto*, is it not true?

*King.* His silence verifies it to be true: what then?

*Ama.* Then I amaz'd, distressed all alone,  
Did hie me self, to scape that ugly Bear:  
But all in vain; for why he reach'd after me,  
And hardly I did oft escape his paws:  
Till at the length this Shepherd came,  
And brought to me his head. (*Mirclly.*)

Come hither boy, lo here it is, which I do present unto your  
*King.* The slaughter of this Bear deserves great fame.

*Segasto.*

*The Comedy of Mucedorus.*

*Segast.* The slaughter of a man deserves great blame.

*King.* Indeed occasion oftentimes to kill our.

*Segast.* Tremelio in the wars (O King) preserved thee.

*Ama.* the Shepherd in the woods (O King) preserved me.

*Segast.* Tremelio fought when many men did yield.

*Ama.* So would the Shepherd had he been in field.

*Clow.* So would my master, had he not run away.

*Segast.* Tremelio's force saved thousands from the foe.

*Ama.* The Shepherds force hath many thousand more.

*Clow.* Aye Simplicks nothing else.

*King.* *Segast* ceases to accuse the Shepherd.

His worthiness deserves a recompence.

All we are bound to do the Shepherd good.

Shepherd, whereas it was my sentence thou shouldst die.

So shall my sentence stand for thou shalt die.

*Segast.* Thanks to your Majesty.

*King.* But for *Segast*, not for this offence.

Long must thou live; and when the Sisters shall decree.

To cut in twain the twisted thread of life.

Then let him die, for thus I let him free.

And for thy valour I will honour thee.

*Ama.* Thanks to your Majesty.

*King.* Come daughter, let us now depart to honour the worthy valour of the Shepherd, with our rewards.

*Clow.* O Master, hear you, you have made a rich hand now.

I thought you would be slow you? What will you do now?

You have lost me a good occupation by this means.

Faith Master now I cannot hang the Shepherd.

I pray you let me take pains to hang you.

It is but half an hours exercise.

*Segast.* You are still in your knavery.

But sith I cannot have his life.

I will procure his banishment for ever. Come on friends.

*Clow.* Yes forsooth I come. Lash at him I pray you.

*Enter Mucedorus.*

*Miss.* From *Ama* and from her Fathers Court.

With gold and silver and with rich rewards.

Flowing from the banks of gold and silver.

## The Comedy of Mucedorus.

More may I boast and say: but I  
Was never Shepherd in such dignitie.

*Enter the Messenger and the Clown.*

*Mes.* All hail worthy Shepherd.

*Clo.* All rain louise Shepherd.

*Muce.* Welcome my friends, from whence come you?

*Mes.* The King and *Amadine* greet thee well.

And after greeting done, bid thee depart the Court;

Shepherd be gone.

*Clo.* Shepherd take Law-legs fly away Shepherd.

*Muce.* Whose words are these? came these from *Amadine*?

*Mes.* I, from *Amadine*. *Clo.* Aye from *Amadine*.

*Muce.* Ah luckless fortune, worse then *Phaeton's* tale.

My former bliss is now become my bale.

*Clo.* What, wilt thou poison thy self?

*Muce.* My former heaven is now become my hell.

*Clo.* The worst Ale-houls that ever became in in all my life.

*Muce.* What shall I do?

*Clo.* Even go hang thy self.

*Muce.* Can *Amadine* so churlishly command,

To banish the Shepherd from her fathers Court?

*Mes.* What should Shepherds do in the Court?

*Clo.* What should Shepherds do among us?

Hare not we Lords enough on us in the Court?

*Muce.* Why, Shepherds are men, and Kings are no more.

*Mes.* Shepherds are men, and masters over their flocks.

*Clo.* That's a lie, who payes them their wages then?

*Mes.* Well, you are alwayes interrupting of me:

But you were best to look to him lest you hang for him when

he is gone. *Exit.*

*The Clown sings.*

*Clo.* And you shall hang for company

For leaving me alone.

Shepherd stand forth and hear my sentence.

Shepherd be gone within three days, in pain of my displeasure;

Shepherd be gone, Shepherd be gone, be gone, be gone, be

Shepherd, Shepherd, Shepherd. *(gone.)*

*Muce.* And must I go? and must I needs depart?



# The Comedy of Mucedorus

Ye goodly Groves, partakers of my songs,  
In time before when fortune did not frown,  
Pour forth your plaints, and wail awhile with me;  
And thou bright Sun, the comfort of my cold,  
Hide, hide thy face, and leave me comfortless;  
Ye wholsome herbs and sweet smelling favours,  
Ye each thing else prolonging life of man,  
Change, change your wonted counsell,  
That I wanting your aid, in wofull sort may die.

*Enter Amadine and Ariana by a wall*

*Ama.* Ariana, if any body ask for me,  
Make some excuse till I return.

*Ari.* What and Segasto calls?

*Ama.* Do you the like to him, I mean not to stay long. *Exit.*

*Muc.* This voice so sweetly moping spirits gives.

*Ama.* Shepherd well might tell how thou dost.

*Muc.* I linger life, yet wish for speedy death.

*Ama.* Shepherd, although thy banishment already be decreed  
and all against my will, yet

*Muc.* Ah Amadine, to hear of banishment is death.  
I double death to me, but since I must depart, one thing I crave.

*Ama.* Say on with all my heart.

*Muc.* That in absence either far or near,

You honour mine servant so your name.

*Ama.* Not so.

*Muc.* And why?

*Ama.* I honour thee as Sovereign of my heart.

*Muc.* A Shepherd and a Sovereign, nothing like.

*Ama.* Yet like enough where there is no dislike.

*Muc.* Yet great dislike, or else no banishment.

*Ama.* Shepherd it is only Segasto that procures thy banishment.

*Muc.* Unworthy wights are more in jealousy.

*Ama.* Would God they would free thee from banishment,

Or likewise banish me.

*Muc.* Amen I say, to have your company.

*Ama.* Well Shepherd, since thou sufferest thus for my sake,  
With thee in exile also let me live.

*Muc.* No longer love, no longer let me live.

*Ama.*

# The Comedy of *Mucedorus*. II

*Am.* Of late I lov'd thee indeed, but now I love none but only  
*Mu.* Thanks worthy Prince, I have likewise, (lychee, I  
 Yet smother up the blast, a line him, mainly they do not move  
 I dare not promise what I may perform, and signed with hand

*Am.* Well Shepherd, what shall I say, I bid, bid, bid  
 I will return unto my father's house, I have not small sorrow  
 There for to provide me of such excellencies, I bid, bid, bid  
 As for my journey I shall think most fit, I bid, bid, bid  
 This being done, I will return to thee, his lady, his lady  
 Do thou therefore appoint the place, I bid, bid, bid  
 Where we may meet, I bid, bid, bid

*Muce.* Down in the valley where I saw the Bear, most fit  
 And there doth grow a fair broad-leaved beech, I bid, bid, bid  
 That overhades a well, I bid, bid, bid  
 Let them abide the happy morning of the day, I bid, bid, bid  
 How like you this? I bid, bid, bid

*Muce.* Now if you please, I bid, bid, bid  
*Am.* Full three hours hence, I bid, bid, bid  
*Muce.* The thanks that *Berlingo* the *German* Queen  
 The like doth *Mucedorus* yield, I bid, bid, bid  
*Am.* Then *Mucedorus* for these hours I bid, bid, bid  
*Muce.* Your departure Lady, I bid, bid, bid

*Seg.* 'Tis well *Segasia*, that thou hast thy will, I bid, bid, bid  
 Should such a Shepherd, such a simple Swain as he, I bid, bid, bid  
 Eclipse thy credit from the Court, I bid, bid, bid  
 No, ply *Segasia*, ply, let it not in *Am.* I bid, bid, bid  
 A Shepherd hath *Segasia* honour, I bid, bid, bid

*Enter* *Muce* the *Clown*, calling his *Master*, I bid, bid, bid  
*Clow.* What, hoe Master, will you come away? I bid, bid, bid  
*Seg.* Will you come hither, I pray you, what is the matter? I bid, bid, bid  
*Clow.* Why, it is now past eleven of the clock, I bid, bid, bid  
*Seg.* How then sir? I bid, bid, bid

*Clow.* I pray you come away to dinner, I bid, bid, bid  
*Seg.* I pray you come hither, I bid, bid, bid  
*Clow.* Here's such a do with you, will you never come? I bid, bid, bid  
*Seg.* I pray you, what news of the messenger, I bid, bid, bid  
*Clow.* I tell you all the matter upon the table already, I bid, bid, bid

There

*The Comedy of Mucedorus.*

There wants not so much as a mess of Mustard, half an hour.

*Seg.* Come sir, your mind is all upon your belly, (ago.)  
You have forgotten what I bid you do.

*Clo.* Faith, I know nothing but you bad me go to breakfast.

*Seg.* Was that all?

*Clo.* Faith I have forgotten it, the very scent of the meat  
hath made me forget it quite.

*Seg.* You have forgotten the Arrand I bid you do.

*Clo.* What Arrand, an arrant knave, or an arrant whore?

*Seg.* Why thou knave, did I not bid thee banish the Shepherd.

*Clo.* O the Shepherds Bastard.

*Seg.* I tell thee the Shepherds Banishment.

*Clo.* I tell you the Shepherds Bastard shall be well kept,  
He look to it my self; but I pray you come away to dinner.

*Seg.* Then you will not tell me whether you have banished  
him or no?

*Clo.* Why I cannot say banishment if you would give me a  
thousand pounds to say so.

*Seg.* Why you whorlen slave, have you forgotten that I sent  
you and another to drive away the Shepherd?

*Clo.* What an Ass are you? here's a stir indeed.  
He's Message, Arrant, Banishment, and I cannot tell what.

*Seg.* I pray you sir, shall I know whether you have drove him  
away?

*Clo.* Faith I think I have, and you will not believe me, ask  
my staff.

*Seg.* Why can thy staff tell?

*Clo.* Why he was with me too.

*Seg.* Then happy I, that have obtain'd my will.

*Clo.* And happier I if you would go to dinner.

*Seg.* Come sirrah, follow me.

*Clo.* I warrant you I will not lose an inch of you now you  
are going to dinner: I promise you I thought seven years be-  
fore I could get him away.

*Enter Amadine sola.*

*Am.* God grant my long delay procures no harm  
For this my carrying frustrate my pretence:  
*My Mucedorus surely stays for me,*

## The Comedy of Mucedorus.

And thinks me over-long, at length I come,  
My present promise to perform;  
Ah what a thing is firm unfained love!  
What is it which true love dares not attempt?  
My father he may make, but I must match;  
*Segasto* loves, but *Amadine* must like  
Where likes her best: compulsion is a thrall;  
No, no, the hearty choice is all in all.  
The Shepherd's virtue *Amadine* esteems,  
But what, methinks the Shepherd is not come;  
I muse at that, the hour is at hand.  
Well here Ile rest till *Mucedorus* come. *She sits down.*

*Enter Bremo, looking about hastily, takes hold on her.*

*Bre.* A happy prey; now *Bremo* feed on flesh;  
*Dainties Bremo*, dainties thy hungry paunch to fill;  
Now glut thy greedy guts with lukewarm blood:  
Come fight with me, I long to see thee dead.

*Ama.* How can she fight that weapons cannot wield?

*Br.* What canst not fight? then lie thee down and die.

*Ama.* What must I die?

*Bre.* What needs these words? I thirst to suck thy blood.

*Ama.* Yet pity me, and let me live awhile.

*Bre.* No pity I, Ile feed upon thy flesh,  
And tear thy body peece-meal joynt by joynt.

*Ama.* Ah now I want my Shepherd's company.

*Bre.* Ile crush thy bones between two Oaken trees.

*Ama.* Hast Shepherd, hast, or else thou comst too late.

*Bre.* Ile suck the sweetness from thy marrow-bones.

*Ama.* Ah spare, ah spare to shed my guiltless blood.

*Bre.* With this my Bat I will beat out thy brains;  
Down, down I say, prostrate thy self upon the ground.

*Ama.* Then *Mucedorus* farewell, my hoped joys farewell;  
Yea farewell life, and welcome present death, *She kneels.*

To thee, O God, I yield my dying ghost.

*Bre.* Now *Bremo*, play thy part.

How now? what sudden chance is this?

My limbs do tremble, and my sinews shake,

*The Comedy of Mucedorus.*

My unweakened Arms have lost their former force:

Ah *Breno*, *Breno*, what a foil hadst thou,

That yet at no time was afraid,

To dare the greatest Gods to fight with thee,

And now wants strength for one down driving blow?

Ah how my courage fails when I should strike,

Some new-come spirit abiding in my breast,

Saith, spare her *Breno*, spare her, do not kill:

Shall I spare her that never spared any?

To it *Breno*, to it; say again:

I cannot wield my weapon in my hand,

Me thinks I should not strike so fair a one:

I think her beauty hath bewitcht my force,

Or else with me altered natures course,

Ay woman, wilt thou live in woods with me?

*Ama.* Fain would I live, yet loth to live in woods.

*Br.* Thou shalt not choose, it shall be as I say,

And therefore follow me.

*Enter Mucedorus solus.*

*Muce.* It was my will an hour ago and more,

As was my promise for to make return,

But other business hindred my pretence,

It is a world to see, when men appoint,

And purposely on certain things decrees,

How many things may hinder his intent,

What one would wish, the same is farthest off,

But yet th'appointed time cannot be past,

Nor hath her presence yet prevented me,

Well here Ile stay, and expect her coming.

*They cry within, hold him, hold him.*

Some one or other's party'd no doubt,

Perhaps some search for me, tis good to doubt the worst:

Therefore Ile be gone.

*Cry within, hold him, hold him: Enter Mouse the Clown.*

*Clo.* Hold him, hold him, hold him; here's a stir indeed; here

came he after the Crier; & I was set close at mother Nip's heels,

and

# The Comedy of Macedonius

and there I called for three pots of Ale, as is the manner of  
us Courtiers; Now first, I had taken the maidenhead of  
two of them, and as I was lifting up the third to my mouth,  
there came, hold him, hold him; now I could not tell whom to  
catch hold on, but I am sure I caught one, perchance a may be  
in this pot; Well He see, mals I cannot see him yet; well He  
look a little further; mals he is a little fyer if he be here;  
why heres no body; all this is well yet; But if the old Trice  
should come for her pot, I marry theres the matter; but I  
care not, Ile face her out, and call her old ruffly, duffly, muffy;  
sully, crusty Firebrand, and worse then all that, and so face her  
out of her pot; but soft, here she comes on bloud I think she

*Enter the old woman and vintner*

*Old.* Come you knave, wheres my pot you leave? *For what?*

*Clo.* Go look your por, come now to me for your pot, I were  
good for you.

*Old.* Thou liest thou knave, thou hast my pot.

*Clo.* You ly and you say it, I your pot I know what he says.

*Old.* What wilt thou say?

*Clo.* But say I have it and thou darst.

*Old.* Why thou knave, thou hast not only my pot, but my  
drink unpaid for.

*Clo.* You ly like an old; I will not say where.

*Old.* Dost thou call me whores? He up then for my pot.

*Clo.* Cap me and thou darst; Search me whether I have it or not.

*She searcheth him, and he drinketh over her head, and at last down  
the pot, she stumbls in it, and then they fall together by the  
ears: she takes up her pot and the vintner*

*Enter Sycophant*

*Seg.* How now furrah, wheres the matter?

*Clo.* O Master, Master, Master.

*Seg.* Flies, wheres are they?

*Clo.* O here Master, all about your face.

*Seg.* Why thou liest, I think thou art paid.

*Clo.* Why master I have hid a dung cart full at the least.

*Seg.* Go so furrah, leave this idle chaff, give me a horse.

*Clo.* Now give you one of my ears.

Not



*The Comedy of Mucedorus.*

Not an you wereten masters.

*Seg.* Why sir, I pray you give ear to my words;

*Clo.* I tell you I will not be made a Cortal for no mans pleasures.

*Seg.* I tell thee attend what I say;

Go thy ways straight and rear the whole town.

*Clo.* How, rear the whole town? even go your self, it is more than I can do: VVhy, do you think I can rear a town, that can scarce rear a pot of Ale to my head, I should rear a town, should I not?

*Seg.* Go to the Countess and make a private search, For the Shepherd is run away with the Kings daughter.

*Clo.* How? is the Shepherd run away with the Kings daughter, or is the Kings daughter run away with the Shepherd?

*Seg.* I cannot tell, but they are both gone together.

*Clo.* VVhat a fool is he to run away with the Shepherd; why I think I am a little handsomer man than the Shepherd my self; but tell me Master, must I make a private search or search in the privie?

*Seg.* Why dost thou think they will be there?

*Clo.* I cannot tell.

*Seg.* Well then search every where;

Leave no place unsearched for them.

*Clo.* Oh now I am in office: now will I go to that old three brands house, and will not leave one place unsearched in it. He to the Ale-stand, and drink so long as I can stand; and when I have done, He let out all the rest, to see if he be not hid in the Barrel; and if I find him not there, He to the Cupboard, He not leave one corner of her house unsearched, I then ye old Craft, He be with you now.

*Sound Musick.*

*Enter the King of Valentia, Antimus, Rodrigo,*

*Lord Barachius, with others.*

*King Va.* Enough of musick, it but adds to torment,  
Delights to vexed Spirits are as dates

Set to a sick man, which rather cloy then comfort:

Let me intreat you to intreat no more.

*Rod.* Let your strings sleep, have done there.

*King Va.* Mirth to a fool disturbed, are Embers turn'd,

## The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Which suddain gleam with molestation,  
But sooner lose their light for't;  
Tis gold belov'd upon a Rioter,  
Which not relieves but murders him;  
Tis a drugg given to the healthful,  
Which infects, not cures.

How can a Father that hath lost his Son,  
A Prince both wise, vertuous, and valiant,  
Take pleasure in the idle acts of Time?  
No, no, till *Mucedorus* I shall see again.

All joy is comfortless, all pleasure pain.  
*Ans.* Your Son (my Lord) is well.

*King Va.* I pray thee speak that thrice.

*Ans.* The Prince your Son is safe.

*King Va.* O where, *Anselme*? suffer me with that.

*Ans.* In *Aragon*, my Liege, and at his parting,

Bound my secrecie, I am I must not tell;

By his affections love not to disclose it:

But care of him, and pity of your age,

Makes my tongue blab what my breast would concealment.

*King Va.* Thou not deceivest me,

I ever thought thee what I finde thee now,

An upright loyal man,

But what desire, or young, fed humor,

Nurst within his brain,

Drew him so private to *Aragon*?

*Ans.* A forcing Adaman,

Love mixt with fear and doubtful jealousy,

Whether report gilded a worthless Trunk,

Or *Amadine* deserved her high extolment.

*King Va.* See our provision be in readiness,

Collect us followers of the comliest due,

For our chief guardians, we will thither wend:

The Chrystal eye of Heaven shall not thrice wink,

Nor the green Flood six times his shoulders turn,

Till we salute the *Aragonian* King.

Musick speak loudly now, the season's apt,

For former dolours are in pleasures wrapt.

*Exeunt.*  
*Enter*

# The Comedy of Mucedorus.

*Enter Mucedorus to disguise himself.*

*Mu.* Now *Mucedorus*, whicher wilt thou go?  
Home to thy father to thy native soil,  
Or trie some long abode within these woods?  
Well I will hence depart and hie me home,  
What hie me home said I? that may not be.  
In *Amadine* rests my felicitie.  
Then *Mucedorus* do as thou didst decree.  
Attire thee Hermite-like within these Groves,  
Walk often to the Beech, and view the Well,  
Make settles there, and seat thy self thereon;  
And when thou feel'st thy self to be athirst,  
Then drink a hearty draught to *Amadine*.  
No doubt she thinks on thee,  
And will one day come pledge thee at this Well.  
Come hie, thou art fit for me.  
No Shepherd now, an Hermite must I be:  
Methinks this fits me very well;  
Now must I learn to bear a walking staff,  
And exercise some gravity, withall.

*Enter the Clown.*

*Cl.* Heres through the woods, and through the woods,  
To look out a Shepherd, and a stray Kings daughter:  
But lost, who have we here? what art thou?

*Mu.* I am an Hermite.

*Cl.* An Emmet, I never saw such a big Emmet in all my life before.

*Mu.* I tell you sir, I am an Hermite,  
One that leads a solitary life within these woods.

*Cl.* O I know thee now; thou art he that eat up all the  
Hips and Haws: we could not have one piece of fat Bacon  
for thee all this year.

*Mu.* Thou dost mistake me.

But I pray thee tell me, whom dost thou seek in these woods?

*Cl.* What do I seek? for a stray Kings daughter,  
Run away with a Shepherd.

*Mu.* A stray Kings daughter, run away with a Shepherd,  
Wherefore, canst thou tell?

*Cl.*

# The Comedy of Mucedorus.

*Clo.* Yes that I can, tis mine; my Master and *Amadine* walking one day abroad, nearer these woods then they were used (about what I cannot tell) but towards them comes running a great Bear. Now my Master plaid the man and ran away, and *Amadine* crying after him: now sir, comes me a Shepherd, and he strikes off the Bears head, now whether the Bear were dead before or no I cannot tell, for bring twenty Bears before me, and binde their hands and feet, and he kill them all: now ever since *Amadine* hath been in love with the Shepherd, and for good will she is even run away with the Shepherd.

*Mus.* What manner of man was he? canst describe him to me?

*Clo.* Scribe him, by I warrant you that I can: it was a little, low, broad, tall, narrow, big, well favoured fellow, a jerkin of white cloth, and buttons of the same cloth.

*Mus.* Thou describest him well, but I chance to see any such, pray you where shall I finde you, or what's your name?

*Clo.* My name is called Master *Moose*.

*Mus.* O Master *Moose*, I pray you what offices might you bear in the Court?

*Clo.* Marry sir, I am Ruther of the Stable.

*Mus.* Oh, Usher of the Table.

*Clo.* Nay, I say Ruther, and he prove mine Office good: for look you sir, when any comes from under the Sea, or so, and a dog chance to blow his nose backward then with a whip I give him the good time of the day, and throw Ruther presently; therefore I am a Ruther: a high Office I promise ye.

*Mus.* But where shall I finde you in the Court?

*Clo.* Why, where it is best being, either in the Kitchen eating, or in the Buttery drinking: but if you come, I will provide for thee a piece of Beef and Brewes knuckle deep in fat: pray you take pain, remember Master *Moose*.

*Mus.* Ay sir, I warrant I will not forget you.

Ah *Amadine*, what should become of her? Whither shouldst thou go so long unknown?

With watch and ward each passage is beset, So that she cannot long escape unknown. Doubtless, she hath lost her self within the woods, And wandering to and fro, she seeks the Well,

Which

# The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Which yet she cannot find, therefore will I seek her out. *Exit*

*Enter Brema and Amadine, and sing about all*

*Bre. Amadine, how like you Brema and his woods?*

*Ama. As like the woods of Bremoes: cruelitie: And I would  
Though I were dumb and could not answer him, his words  
The beasts themselves would with relenting tears  
Bewail thy savage and inhumane deeds.*

*Bre. My love why dost thou murmur to thy self?  
Speak louder, for thy Brema hears thee not.*

*Ama. My Brema, no, the Shepherd is my Love.*

*Bre. Have I not sav'd thee from sudden death,  
Given thee leave to live that thou might'st folke,  
And dost thou whet me on to cruelitie?  
Come kiss me (sweet) for all my favours past.*

*Ama. I may not Brema, therefore pardon me.*

*Bre. See how she flies away from me,  
I will follow and give attend to her.  
Denie my Love? A worm of Beautie,  
I will chastise thee: come, come,  
Prepare thy head upon the block.*

*Ama. O spare me Brema, love should limit life,  
Not to be made a murderer of himself:  
If thou wilt glut thy loving heart with blood,  
Encounter with the Lion or the Bear,  
And like a Wolf, prey not upon a Lamb.*

*Bre. Why then dost thou repine at me?  
If thou wilt love me, thou shalt be my Queen,  
He crown thee with a chaplet made of Ivorie,  
And make the Rose and Lilly wait on thee:  
He rend the burley branches from the Oak,  
To shadow thee from burning Sun:  
The Trees shall spread themselves where thou dost go,  
And as they spread, He trace along with thee.*

*Ama. You may, for who but you?*

*Bre. Thou shalt be fed with Quails and Partridges,  
With Black-birds, Larks, Thrushes, and Nightingales:  
Thy drink shall be goat-milk, and Chrysall water,  
Distilling from the Mountains and the clearest Springs.*

*And*

# The Comedy of Mucedorus

And all the daimes that the woods afford, shall freely give thee to obtain thy love.

*Ama.* You may, for who but you?

*Bre.* The day I'll spend to recreate my love, With all the pleasures that I can devise, And in the night I'll be thy bedfellow, And lovingly embrace thee in my arms.

*Ama.* One may, so may not you.

*Bre.* The Satyr and the wood-Nymphs shall attend on And lull thee asleep with musick sound, And in the morning when thou dost awake, The Lark shall sing good-morrow to my Queen, And whilst he sings I'll kiss mine.

*Ama.* You may, for who but you?

*Bre.* When thou art up, the wood-ladies shall be strewed With violets, Cowslips, and sweet Marigolds, For thee to trample and to tread upon, And I will teach thee how to kill the Deere, To chase the Harr, and how to rouse the Roebuck, If thou wilt live to love and honour me.

*Ama.* You may, so may not you.

*Enter Mucedorus.*

*Bre.* Welcome, fit to have ago I lack for such a guest; Be merry wench, we'll have a frolick feast, Here's flesh enough for to suffice us both, Say sirrah, wilt thou fight, or dost thou meab to die?

*Muce.* I want a weapon, how hast I fight?

*Bre.* Thou want'st a weapon, why then thou yieldst to die?

*Muce.* I say not so, I do not yield to die.

*Bre.* Thou shalt not chafe, I long to see thee dead.

*Ama.* Yet spare him *Bre.* Spare him.

*Bre.* Away, I say I will not spare him.

*Muce.* Yet give me leave to speak.

*Bre.* Thou shalt not speak.

*Ama.* Yet give him leave to speak for my sake.

*Bre.* Speak on, but be not over-long.

*Muce.* In time of year, when man-like fruitful beasts Did lead their lives in both some Cells and Woods,



# The Comedy of Muscadors

And wholly gave themselves to wildness will.

A rude unruly rout, then man to man became

A present prey; then might prevailed,

The weakest went to walls;

Right was unknown, for wrong was all in all;

Armed thus lived in their great outrage,

Behold one *Orpheus* came (as *Poets* tell)

And them from rudeness unto reason brought;

Who led by reason soon forsook the woods,

In stead of Caves they built them Castles strong;

Cities and Towns were founded by them then;

Glad were they, they found such ease;

And in the end they grew to perfect Amine.

Weighing their former wickedness,

They tearm'd the time wherein they lived then;

A golden age, a good golden age;

New *Bremo* (for so heard I thee call'd)

If men which lived before as thou dost now,

Wild in woods, addicted all to spoil,

Returned were by worthy *Orpheus* means:

Let me (like *Orpheus*) cause thee to return

From murder, blood-shed, and like cruelties:

What should we fight before we have a cause?

No; let's live and love together faithfully:

Ille fight for thee

*Bro.* Fight for me, or die: or fight on else thou diest.

*Ama.* Hold *Bremo*, hold;

*Bro.* Away I say, thou troublest me:

*Ama.* You promised me to make me Queen:

*Bro.* I did, I mean no less.

*Ama.* You promised that I should have my will.

*Bro.* I did, I mean no less.

*Ama.* Then save the Hermite's life, for he may save us both:

*Bro.* At thy request Ille save him, but never any after him.

Say Hermite, what canst thou do?

*Muce.* He wait on thee, sometime upon thy Queen.

Such service shalt thou shortly have: *Bremo* never had

# The Comedy of Mucedorus.

*Enter Segasto, the Clown, and Rumbelo.*

*Segast.* Come first, what shall I never have you find out. *A* madman and the Shepherd.

*Clow.* I have been thorow the woods, and thorow the woods, and could see nothing but an Emmer.

*Rum.* Why I see a thousand Emmers; thou meanest a little.

*Clow.* Nay, that Emmer that I saw was bigger then thou art.

*Rum.* Bigger then I? what a fool have you to your man. *A* I pray you Master turn him away.

*Segast.* But dost thou hear, was he not a man?

*Clow.* I think he was, for he said he did lead a self-fellers life round about the woods.

*Seg.* Thou wouldst say a solitarie life about the woods.

*Clow.* I think it was indeed.

*Rum.* I thought what a fool thou art.

*Clow.* Thou art a wise man; why he did nothing but sleep since he went.

*Seg.* But tell me *Monks*, how did he go?

*Clow.* In a white Gown, and a white hat on his head, And a staff in his hand.

*Seg.* I thought so, he was an Hermite, that walked a solitarie life in the woods.

Well, get you to dinner, and after, never leave seeking till you bring some news of them, or Ile hang you both. *Exit.*

*Clow.* How now *Rumbelo*, what shall we do now?

*Rum.* Faith He yeth to dinner, and afterwards to sleep.

*Clow.* Why then thou wilt be hanged.

*Rum.* Faith I care not, for I know I shall never find them: Well, Ile once more abroad, and if I cannot find them, Ile never come home again.

*Clow.* I tell thee what *Rumbelo*, thou shalt go in at one end of the wood, and I at the other, and we will both meet together in the midst.

*Rum.* Content, lets away to dinner. *Exit.*

*Enter Mucedorus solus.*

*Muce.* Unknown to any here within these woods, With bloody *Brama* do I lead my life.

The Monster he doth murder all he meets,

He

*The Comedy of Mucedorus.*

He spareth none, and none doth him escape?  
Who would continue, who but onely I,  
In such a cruel cut-throats company?

Yet *Amadine* is there, how can I chuse?  
Ah silly soul, how oftentimes she sits,  
And sighs, and calls, Come Shepherd, come,  
Sweet *Mucedorus* come set me free;

When *Mucedorus* (Peasant) stands her by;  
But here she comes: What news fair Lady,  
As you walk these woods?

*Ama.* Ah Hermite, none but bad,  
And such as thou knowest.

*Muce.* How do you like your *Breino* and his woods?

*Ama.* Not my *Breino*, nor his *Breino* woods.

*Muce.* And why not yours? methinks he loves you well.

*Ama.* I like not him, his love to me is nothing worth.

*Muce.* Lady, in this methinks you offer wrong;  
To hate the man that ever loves you best.

*Ama.* Ah Hermite, I take no pleasure in his love;  
Neither doth *Breino* like me best.

*Muce.* Pardon my boldness, fair Lady, fish we both  
May safely talk now out of *Breino's* sight,  
Unfold to me, if you please, the full discourse;  
How, when; and why you came into these woods,  
And fell into this bloody butchers hand.

*Ama.* Hermite I will: Of late a worthy Shepherd I did love.

*Muce.* A Shepherd (Lady) sure a man unfit to match with

*Ama.* Hermite, this is true: and when we had ——— (you

*Muce.* Stay there, the wild man comes,  
Refer the rest until another time.

*Enter Breino.*  
*Bre.* What secret tale is this? what whispering have we here?  
Villain, I charge thee tell thy tale again.

*Muce.* If needs I must, so here it is again.  
When as we both had lost the sight of thee,  
It griev'd us both, but specially thy Queen,  
Who in thy absence evers feels the worst,  
Lest some mischance befall your Royal Grace.

*The Comedy of Mucedorus.*

Shall my sweet *Broom* wander through the wood,  
Toil to and fro, for to redress my want,  
Hazard his life, and all to cherish me?  
I like not this quoth the *King*: I can I know how  
And thereupon crave to know of me,  
If I could teach her handle weapons well.  
My answer was, I had small skill therein.  
But glad some (mighty *King*) to learn of thee;  
And this was all.

*Bre.* Walk so: none can mislike of this;  
He teach you both to fight, but first my *Queen* begin.  
Here take this weapon, see how thou canst use it.

*Anna.* This is too big, I cannot wield it in mine arm.

*Bre.* Is't so? well, I have a knotty *Crab-tree* staff for thee;  
But surely, tell me, what saiest?

*Muce.* With all my heart, I willing am to learn.

*Bre.* Then take my staff, and see how thou canst wield it.

*Muce.* First teach me to how hold it in mine hand.

*Bre.* Thou holdest it well; look how he doth.

Thou mayest the sooner learn.

*Muce.* Next tell how, and when 'tis best to strike.

*Bre.* 'Tis best to strike when time doth serve.

'Tis best to lose no time.

*Muce.* Then now or never it is time to strike.

*Bre.* And when thou strik'st, be sure to hit the head.

*Muce.* The head?

*Bre.* The very head.

*Muce.* Then have at shine. *He strikes him down dead.*

So, lie there and die, a death (no doubt) according to desert,  
Or else a worse, as thou deservest worse.

*Anna.* It glads my heart this *Tyrant's* death to see.

*Muce.* Now, *Lady*, it remains in you  
To end the tale you lately had begun.  
Being interrupted by this wicked wight;  
You said you loved a *Shepherd*.

*Anna.* I, so I do, and none but onely him;

And will do still as long as life shall last.

*Muce.* But tell me *Lady*, hath I set you free.

## The Comedy of Mucedorus.

What course of life do you intend to take?

*Ama.* I will disguised wander thorow the world,  
Till I have found him out.

*Muce.* How if you find your Shepherd in these woods?

*Ama.* Ah! none so happy then as *Amadine*.

*He disconsols himself.*

*Muce.* In tract of time a man may alter much:  
Say Lady, do you know your Shepherd well?

*Ama.* My *Mucedorus*, hath he set me free?

*Muce.* He hath set thee free.

*Ama.* And liv'd so long unknown to *Amadine*?

*Muce.* Ay that's a question whereof you may not be re-  
You know that I am banisht from the Court, (solyed:  
I know likewise each passage is beset,  
So that we cannot long escape unknown,  
Therefore my will is this, that we return,  
Right thorow the thickets to the wild mans Cave,  
And there a while live on his provision,  
Untill the search and narrow watch be past:  
This is my counsell, and I like it best.

*Ama.* I think the very same.

*Muce.* Come let's be gone.

*The Clown searcheth, and falls over the wild man,  
and so carries him away.*

*Clow.* Nay sile fir, are you here? abots on you  
I was like to be hang'd for not finding of you:  
We would borrow a certain stray Kings daughter of you,  
A wench, a wench fir, we would have.

*Muce.* A wench of me? Ile make thee eat my sword.

*Clow.* O Lord, nay, and you are so lusty, Ile call a cooling-  
card for you: O Master, Master, come away quickly.

*Enter Segast.*

*Segast.* What's the matter?

*Clow.* Look, *Amadine* and the Shepherd: O brave.

*Seg.* What minion, have I found you out?

*Clow.* Nay that's a lye, I found her out my self.

*Seg.* Thou gadding huswife, what cause hadst thou  
To gad abroad?

When

## The Comedy of Mucedorus.

When as thou knowest our wedding day so nigh?

*Ama.* Not so *Segasto*, no such thing in hand:

Shew your assurance, then Ile answer you.

*Segast.* Thy fathers promise my assurance is.

*Ama.* But what he promis'd he hath not perform'd.

*Segast.* It rests in thee for to perform the same.

*Ama.* Not I.

*Segast.* And why?

*Ama.* So is my will, and therefore even no.

*Clow.* Master with a none, none so.

*Segast.* Ah wicked villain, art thou here?

*Muce.* What need these words? I weigh them not.

*Segast.* We weigh them not, proud Shepherd I scorn thy

*Clow.* Weel not have a corner of thy company (company.

*Muce.* I scorn not thee, nor yet the least of thine.

*Clo.* That's a lie, a would have kill'd me with his pug-nando.

*Segast.* This stourneis *Amadine* contents me not.

*Ama.* Then seek another that may you better please.

*Muce.* Well *Amadine* it only rests in thee,

Without delay to make thy choise of three:

There stands *Segasto*, a second here,

There stands the third: now make thy choise.

*Clow.* A Lord at the least I am.

*Ama.* My choise is made, for I will none but thee.

*Segast.* A worthy mate (no doubt) for such a wife.

*Muce.* And *Amadine*, why wilt thou none but me?

I cannot keep thee as thy father did;

I have no Lands for to maintain thy state:

Moreover, if thou mean to be my wife,

Commonly this must be thy use,

To bed at midnight, up at four,

Drudge all day, and trudge from place to place,

Whereby our daily victuall for to win,

And last of all, which is the worst of all,

No Princeis then, but a plain Shepherds wife.

*Clow.* Then God gee you good marrow goody Shepherd.

*Ama.* It shall not need if *Amadine* do live.

Thou shalt be crowned King of *Aragon*.

*Clow.*



## The Comedy of Mucedorus.

*Clow.* O Master laugh, when he is a King, Ile be a Queen.

*Muc.* Then know that which heretofore was known:

I am no Shepherd, no *Aragonion* I,  
But born of Royal blood: my Father's of *Valentia* King,  
My Mother Queen; who for thy sacred sake  
Took this hard task in hand.

*Ama.* Ah how I joy my fortune is so good.

*Segast.* Well now I see *Segasto* shall not speed,

But *Mucedorus*, I as much do joy  
To see thee here within our Court of *Aragon*,  
As if a kingdom had befalln me this time:  
I with my heart surrender her to thee.

*He gives her to him.*

And look what Right to *Amadine* I have.

*Clow.* What burns door, and born where my Father was  
Constable? a bots on thee, how dost thou?

*Muc.* Thanks *Segasto*, but you level at the Crown.

*Clow.* Master, bear this and bear all.

*Segast.* Why so firrah?

*Clow.* He saies you take a goose by the Crown.

*Segast.* Go too firrah; away, post you to the King,  
Whose heart is fraught with careful doubts,  
Glad him up, and tell him these good news,  
And we will follow as fast as we may.

*Clow.* I go Master, I run Master.

*Exunt.*

*Enter the King and Collin.*

*King.* Break heart, and end my pallid woes,  
My *Amadine*, the comfort of my life;  
How can I joy except she were in fight?  
Her absence breeds great sorrow to my soul,  
And with a thunder breaks my heart in twain.

*Collin.* Forbear those passions gentle King,  
And you shall see 'twill turn unto the best,  
And bring your soul to quiet and to joy.

*King.* Such joy as death; I do assure me that,  
And nought but death, except of her I hear,  
And that with speed, I cannot fight thus long:  
But what a tumult do I hear within?

## The Comedy of Mucedorus.

*They cry within, Joy and happines.*  
*Collin.* I hear a noise of ever-lasting joy  
Within the Court: my Lord be of good comfort,  
And here comes one in haste.

*Enter the Clown running.*

*Clow.* A King, a King.

*Col.* Why how now firrah, what's the matter?

*Clow.* O'tis news for a King, tis worth money.

*King.* Why firrah, thou shalt have silver and gold if it be

*Clow.* O'tis good, 'tis good *Amadine* (good)

*King.* O what of her? tell me, and I will make thee a knight.

*Clow.* How a Spright, no by Lady, I will not be a Spright,  
Matter get you away, if I be a Spright, I shall be so lean  
I shall make you all afraid.

*Col.* Then so the King means to make thee a Gentleman.

*Clow.* Why I shall want parrell.

*King.* Thou shalt want for nothing.

*Clow.* Then stand away, strike up thy self, here they come.

*Enter Segasto, Mucedorus, and Amadine.*

*Ama.* My gracious Father, pardon thy disloyall daughter.

*King.* What, do mine eyes behold my daughter *Amadine*?

Rise up daughter, and let these embracing arms  
Shew some token of thy Fathers joy,  
Which ever since thy departure hath languished in sorrow.

*Ama.* Dear Father, never were your sorrows  
Greater than my griefs.

Never you so desolate as I comfortable;  
Yet nevertheless knowing my self  
To be the cause of both, on bended knees  
I humbly crave your pardon.

*King.* Ile pardon thee (dear daughter) but as for him.

*Ama.* Ay Father what of him?

*King.* As sure as I am King, and wear the Crown,  
Ile be reveng'd on that accursed wretch.

*Muc.* Yet worthy Prince, work not thy will in wrath, shew

*King.* I, such favour as thou deservest. (favour.)

*Muc.* I do deserve the daughter of a King.

*King.* Oh impudent! A Shepherd and so insolent.

*Muc.*

*The Comedy of Mucedorus.*

*Muc.* No Shepherd I, but a worthy Prince.

*King.* In fair conceit, not princely born.

*Muc.* Yes Princely born, my Father is a King,  
My Mother a Queen, and of *Valentia* both.

*King.* What *Mucedorus*, welcome to our Court.

What cause hadst thou to come to me disguis'd?

*Muc.* No cause to fear, I caused no offence;

But this, desiring thy daughters virtues for to see;

Disguis'd my self from out my Fathers Court.

Unknown to any in secret I did rest.

And pass'd many troubles near to death;

So hath your daughter my partaker been.

As you shall know hereafter more at large.

Desiring you, you will give her to me.

Even as mine own, and Sovereign of my life.

Then shall I think my travels all well spent.

*King.* With all my heart, but this,

*Segast* claims my promise made tofore,

That he should have her as his only Wife.

Before my Council when he came from war.

*Segast*, may I leave thee let it pass,

And give *Ama* as Wife to *Mucedorus*?

*Segast.* With all my heart, were it a far greater thing,

And what I may to furnish up their nices.

With pleasing sports and pastimes you shall see.

*King.* Thanks good *Segast*, I will think this.

*Muc.* Thanks good my Lord, and whilst I live,

Account of me in what I can or may.

*Ama.* Good *Segast*, these great courtesies

Shall not be forgot.

*Clow.* Why hark you Master, bones what have you done?

What, given away the wench you made me take, such pains

for? You are wise indeed. Nails and I had known of that. I

would have had her my self. Faith Master now we may go to

breakfast with a woodcock pie.

*Segast.* Go too firrall, you were best to leave this maverick.

*King.* Come on my Lords, lets now to Court.

Where we may finish up the joyfuller day.

## The Comedy of Mucedorus.

That ever hapt to a distressed King :  
Were but thy Father the *Valentia* Lord,  
Present in view of this combined knot.

*A shout within : Enter Messenger.*

What shout was that ?

*Mes.* My Lord the great *Valentia* King,  
Newly arriv'd, intreats your presence.

*Muc.* My Father ?

*King Ara.* Prepared welcoms give him entertainment ;  
A happier Planet never reign'd then that  
Which governs at this hour.

*Enter the King of Valentia, Anselmo, Roderigo, Brachius, with others : The King runs and embraceth his Son.*

*King Val.* Rise honour of my age, food to my rest,  
Condemn not (mighty King of *Aragan*)  
My rude behaviour, so compell'd by nature,  
That manners stood unknowledg'd.

*King Ara.* What we have to recite would tedious prove  
By declaration, therefore in and feast,  
To morrow the performance shall explain  
What words conceal : till then Drums speak, Bells ring,  
Give plausive welcoms to our brother King.

*Sound Drums and Trumpets : Exit omnes.*

*Enter Comedy and Envy.*

*Com.* How now *Envy* : what blunhest thou already  
Peep forth, hide not thy head with shame,  
But with courage praise a womans deeds ;  
Thy threats were vain, thou couldst do me no hurt,  
Although thou seem'dst to cross me with despight,  
I overwhelm'd and turn'd upside down thy blocks,  
And made thy self to stumble at the same.

*Envy.* Though stumbled yet not over-thrown,  
Thou canst not draw my head to mildness :  
Yet must I needs confess thou hast done well,  
And plaid thy part with mirth and pleasant glee :  
Say all this ; yet canst thou not conquer me,  
Although this time thou hast got,  
Yet not the conquest neither.

*The Comedy of Mucedorus.*

A double revenge another time Ile have.

*Com. Envy* spit thy gall;  
Plot, work, contrive, create new fallacies,  
Teem from thy womb each minute a black Traitor;  
Whose blood and thoughts have twins conception;  
Study to act deeds yet unchronicled,  
Cast native monsters in the moulds of men;  
Case vicious devils under sancted robes;  
Vnhasp the wicket where all perjuries roost,  
And swarm this ball with treasons, do thy worst,  
Thou canst not (hell-hound) cross my stear too night,  
Nor blinde that glory where I wish delight.

*Envy.* I can, I will.

*Com. Nefarious Hag* begin,  
And let us tugg till one the mastery win.

*Envy. Comedy,* thou art a shallow Goose,  
Ile overthrow thee in thine own intent,  
And make thy fall my Comick merriment.

*Com.* Thy policy wants gravity, thou art too weak;  
Speak friend, as how?

*Envy.* Why thus,  
From my foul study will I hoist a wretch,  
A lean and hungry meager Canibal,  
Whose jaws swell to his eyes with chewing malice;  
And him Ile make a Poet.

*Com.* Whats that to the purpose?

*Envy.* This scrambling Raven with his needy beard,  
Will I whet on to write a Comedy;  
Wherein shall be compos'd dark sentences,  
Pleasing to factious brains;  
And every otherwhere place me a Iest,  
Whose high abuse shall more torment then blows;  
Then I my self (quicker then lightning)  
Will flye me to the puissant Magistrate,  
And waiting with a trencher at his back,  
In midst of jollity rehearse those gauls  
(With some additions) so lately vented in your Theater;  
He on this cannot but make complaint

# The Comedy of Mucedorus.

To our great danger, or at least restraint.

*Com.* Ha, ha, ha, I laugh to hear thy folly:  
This is a trap for boys, not men, nor such,  
Especially deceitful in their doings,  
Whose said discretion rules their purposes:  
I and my faction do eschew those vices:  
But see, O see, the weary Sun for rest,  
Hath lain his golden compass to the West,  
Where he perpetual bide, and ever shine,  
As *Dauids* off-spring in his happy Clime,  
Stoop *Eney*, stoop, bow to the earth with me,  
Lets beg our pardon on our bended knee.

*Eney.* My power hath lost her might, *Eneids* date's expired.  
And I amazed am.

*Com.* Glorious and wise *Arch-Cesar* on the earth,  
At whose appearance *Eneid* strucken dumb,  
And all bad things cease operation:  
Vouchsafe to pardon our unwilling error,  
So late presented to your gracious view,  
And weel endeavour with excess of pain,  
To please your senses in a choiser strain.  
Thus we commit you to the arms of night,  
Whose spangled carkass would for your delight,  
Strive to excell the day: be blessed then,  
Who other wishes, let him never speak.

*Eney.* Amen.  
To Fame and Honour we commend your rest,  
Live still more happy, every hour more blest.

FINIS.